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Roy Rogers

Comics





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ROY AS A BIG FAVOR TO ME, WOULD YOU TAKE A DEPUTY'S JOB AWAY FROM ME? I MEAN... JUST FOR A LITTLE WHILE?

THAT'S A FUNNY QUESTION, SHERIFF JIM! EXPLAIN!

Roy Rogers

KING OF THE COWBOYS

AND THE RUSTLER OF GOBLIN HILL

WELL, I GOT A LETTER YESTERDAY FROM AN OL' FART OF A NAME, SING WALKER... HE'S SHERIFF IN A MOUNTAIN WILD CORNER OF ARIZONA THAT THEY CALL THE "SADDLE". HE WANTS THE LEAD OF A GOOD DEPUTY, WHO WENT KNOWN LOCALLY! HE NEEDS ONE SADDY!

DON'T TURN ME DOWN, ROY! I'VE WRITTEN SING THAT YOU'D COME! AND I'VE TIED IT UP WITH THE RUSTLER TRACTOR COMPANY FOR YOU TO POSE AS A SALESMAN...

JIM, YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN A SALESMAN INSTEAD OF A SHERIFF! YOU'VE SURE PUT ME IN A POSITION WHERE I'LL HAVE TO BUY THAT DEPUTY JOB, REGARDLESS!



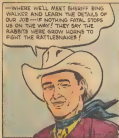
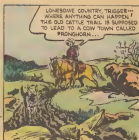
SO, THE NEXT DAY SEES ROY WITH TRIGGER AND HIS DOG BULLET BOARDING A TRAIN, ARIZONA-BOUND.

FORMASTER: Please send a postcard to Roy Rogers, 1111 West 24th Street, New York 1, N. Y.

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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address including zip code for old address label.

AND TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER, HE FINDS HIM-
SELF BESIDE A LEADING PEN IN THE MIDDLE OF
NOWHERE—OR OF THE "SADDLE" HATCH IS THE
SAME THING—WITH PATCHES OF SNOW STILL
UNMELTED.



—WHERE WE'LL MEET SHERIFF BONG
WALKER AND LEARN THE DETAILS OF
OUR JOB—IF NOTHING FATAL STOPS
US ON THE WAY! THEY SAY THE
RABBITS WERE SLOW WORKING TO
FIGHT THE BATTLESLIMES!









SHERIFF WALKER? JIM LARDY SENT ME—SAY YOU WANTED TO BORROW A MAN—

ROY ROGERS! YOU SURE DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME—!



YOU'RE AS WELCOME AS RAIN IN JULY, ROY! JIM HAS WRITTEN ME A LOT ABOUT YOU—AND I NEED HELP IF EVER A MAN DID!

TELL ME—SO I'LL KNOW THE WORST! I FOUND A SHEEPHERDER AND HIS SHEEP ON THE WAY HERE— SHOT DEAD AND FROZEN STEIF!



THAT'S THE EIGHTH MAN KILLED THAT I'VE HEARD ABOUT OR FOUND! WHERE THERE ARE MORE— SHEEPHERDERS OR COWBOYS—! AND I'VE LOST TWO DEPUTIES. SIT DOWN, ROY!

WHO KILLED THEM?



WHO KILLED ANYBODY? I DON'T KNOW! THERE'S NEVER ANY GUN LEFT THAT A MAN CAN READ! AND NOBODY—NOBODY—IN THIS COUNTRY WILL TALK! WHERE IT'S A PLAIN SHEPHERD—CATTLEMAN WAR, BUT I DON'T THINK SO!



WHAT DO YOU THINK, SHERIFF?

CALL ME "BANK" DOSSONE IT! WHAT DO I THINK? JUST THAT SOME-BOY IS SETTING SHEPHERD AGAINST CATTLEMAN SO AS TO COVER UP HIS OWN RUSTLIN'— OR GRUDGE MURDER—



A FEW MINUTES LATER

THERE GOES WANK LARDY! IT WAS HIS HEADER THAT YOU FOUND! I'LL CALL HIM IN NOW—



AFTER TEN JOLLY DESERT MILES,
HANK STOPS THE TRUCK.



HERE'S GRUB--AND WATER!
INTERING WASH IS THIS
SIDE OF STEER MOUNTAIN--
AND A LITTLE NORTH.

THANKS,
LARMAN...



THAT QUEER-SHAPED RIDGE IS STEER
MOUNTAIN! GRANNY HOLT LIVES ON
TOP! SHE'LL HELP YOU, IF YOU'RE IN
TROUBLE, AND CAN GET TO HER.
BUT DON'T TRY TO SELL HER
ANYTHING!



LUCK!

SAME TO YOU,
LARMAN!
SO LONG!



OLD HANK LARMAN DOESN'T USE
MANY WORDS, BUT THEY'RE GOOD
FOR THOUGHT! HE EXPECTS ME TO
GET INTO TROUBLE, TOO!



ALL DAY LONG, ROY HEADS IN THE GENERAL
DIRECTION OF STEER MOUNTAIN'S TORTURED RIDGE...

IF THIS RAIN KEEPS UP AND
MELTS ALL THE SNOW, IT
WILL HOLD US UP. EVERY
WASH WILL BE FLOODED!



AND TOWARD NIGHT THE RAIN BEGINS AGAIN

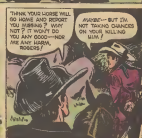


FROM THE DARKNESS OUTSIDE THE CAVE COMES A COOL, SMOOKING VOICE



SO SOFTLY AS TO BE SCARCELY HEARD, BOY'S LIPS FORM A WHISPERED COMMAND.





YOU WANTED TO SEE IMPROVING NASH,
LAWMAN? THIS IS IT! DO ON—DOWN
THE BANK! IT'S ONLY WET NOW—
BUT IT WILL BE FLOODING TOMORROW!



LIE DOWN ON THAT TREE—ON YOUR
BACK, ROGERS! AND REMEMBER—
I CAN PUNISH YOU! AND HELL
IF NECESSARY!

I'M SURE
OF THAT
KNIGHT!



THAT DOES IT, I RECKON! SOMETIME TOMORROW,
THE RAIN WILL BRING A FLOOD CREST THROUGH
HERE—AND TAKE YOU AND THAT DEAD TREE
ALONG WITH IT! THE WATER WILL SOFTEN
THE BANKSIDE STRINGS AND FREE
YOUR WRISTS—



—BUT YOU WON'T KNOW IT!
YOU'LL BE DROWNED AND ROUNDED
PRETTY WELL TO PIECES—AND IF YOU'RE
FOUND, THEY'LL FIGURE YOU WERE CARE-
LESS! I'LL EVEN LEAVE YOUR GUNBELT
ON YOU, TO MAKE IT GOOD!



PLEASANT DREAMS,
ROGERS! WHILE YOU'RE
WAITING!



IT'S NO—(UGH)—USE... LOOSE! THOSE
KNOTS ARE—LOOSE—YOU TIGHT! I
DOUBT IF EVEN TREKKER COULD GET
THEM—LOOSE—LOOSE! WHEN THE
SURE KNIGHTS OUT OF
MEANING, I'LL CALL—







WHAT TRIGGER'S BIG JAWS COULD NOT REACH,
BULLET'S SHARP TEETH FIND EASILY! BUT
FROM UP THE WASH COMES AN OMINOUS ROAR---





WATERBURY IN THE CORRAL—TURN YOUR HORSE IN! I'VE GOT A DEEP DINGE AND SOME BISCUITS FOR YOUR RUR, BUT HURRY! I HAVEN'T SEEN A SOUL TO TALK TO SINCE THAT SHEPHERDER, LAST NIGHT!



AN HOUR LATER, ROY HAS DECIDED TO TAKE A CHANCE ON GRANNY, AND TELL HER EVERYTHING.



— SO THAT'S WHY I'M HERE, GRANNY! TO BLOCK A RANGE WAR AND STOP THESE RANGE MURDERS! IN OTHER WORDS, TO STOP HAIL COLDY KNIGHT! IF YOU'VE ANY IDEAS—?

AWH-HAW! MR. COLDY-KNIGHT! I RECKON HE PICKED THAT NAME, BECAUSE THAT'S THE WAY HE WORKS—IN THE DARK!

A LOT OF MY GUNS HAVE TURNED UP MISSING THIS WINTER, AND I'VE TRAILED A FEW OF 'EM INTO INFERNO WASH! THERE'S JUST ONE OTHER THING THAT MIGHT HOOK UP... INFERNO WASH RUNS PAST GORBLIN HILL!



WHAT IS "GORBLIN HILL"?

IT'S A BUTTE THAT'S SHAPED LIKE A FLAT-HEADED GORBLIN! TOO STEEP FOR A CRITTER TO CLIMB! ALL I KNOW IS THAT A SHEPHERDER CAME TO ME, A FEW WEEKS BACK, SCARED OUT OF HIS WITS! HE SAID HE'D HEARD A ROARING NOISE AND SEEN A BLACK DEVIL RLY OUT OF GORBLIN HILL! HE MUST HAVE SEEN SOMETHING!



I RECKON GORBLIN HILL WILL BRAND A CLOSER LOOK, GRANNY! I'LL RIDE OVER THERE TOMORROW—

MAKE IT TOMORROW NIGHT, ROY! THE SUN WILL HAVE DRIED UP THE GROUND ENOUGH BY THEN SO GUNS COULD BE MOVED... AND I'M GOING TO RIDE ALONG WITH YOU!



THERE'S GORBLIN HILL WHERE ALL TRAILS VANISH!



NEAR THE CENTER OF THE BUTTE'S FLAT TOP
BOY'S DOG STOPS WITH A WHISKING BACK.

BULLET!
WHAT IS IT?

AAA-OO!

SOUNDS LIKE A LONGSOME, COM-
MOURNING FOR HER CALF! OF
COURSE, IT COULD BE THE
WIND... BUT-- I SHALL
SHAKE, TOO!

...OOOOO...

A CAVE-IN! THE
BUTTE IS HOLLOW!
AND I DO HEAR
SOMETHING--

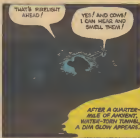
AAA-OOO-OOO!
OOO-OOO-OOO!

COME ON, BULLET! I RECKON I'VE GOT THE
ANSWER TO THE MYSTERY OF GOBLIN HILL!
WE'LL GET BACK TO GRANNY MOLT, AND--

THAT'S ALL ENOUGH!
YOU'RE COVERED!

GRANNY! IT'S BOY--
AND BULLET! WE'VE
FOUND SOMETHING!







FULL DAYLIGHT SHOWS THE GREAT CANYON TEEMING WITH ACTIVITY! UNDER THE EYE OF THESE BLACK-GARBED LEADERS, THE RUSTLERS PUSH A BUNCH OF TWO HUNDRED COWS TOWARD ONE END...



...AND THE TRUCKS WILL PICK 'EM UP THREE DAYS HENCE!



PRETTY SLICK! GET BACK, NOW! THEY'RE HEADING OUR WAY!



NO! THERE'S KNIGHT LEFT—AND HIS HELICOPTER! MY JOB IS TO TAKE HIM! WHETHER I WIN OR LOSE THAT PLAY, YOUR JOB IS TO GET OUT OF HERE WITH WHAT YOU KNOW!

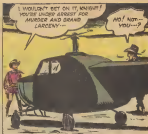


BUT I AIM TO WAIT AND SEE HOW YOU DO COME OUT WITH HIM! IF YOU LOSE, I'LL PLOW HIM—AND TAKE HIS CADDASS TO SHOW EVERY SHEEP-HEAD AND COWMAN IN THIS SADDLE COUNTRY WHO HAS BEEN STEALIN' THEM BLIND!





WELL, THAT WINDS UP MY BUSINESS HERE FOR THE SEASON! I'LL FLY OUT AND ARRANGE FOR THE SALE OF THIS LAST BUNCH OF COWS.



I WOULDN'T BET ON IT, KNIGHT! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR ARMED AND BRAND LARCENY—

NO! NOT—YOU—?



THIS TIME I'LL MAKE SURE—

IN A BLUR OF SPEED, KNIGHT'S HANDS WHIP DOWN TO HIS GUNS, AND UP AGAIN—



OH—!

BOOM!

BOOM!

BUT BOY'S OWN SPEED IS A SHAME FEETER! THE OUTLAW'S WEAPONS FLY FROM HIS FINGERED FINGERS, BULLET SMASHED.



I SAID, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, KNIGHT! IF YOU HAVE ANY FURTHER DOUBTS ABOUT IT—

NOT NOW, ROBBER! BUT IT'S A LONG WAY FROM HERE TO PRISON—AND THINGS COULD HAPPEN.



...LIKE ME! AN OLD WIDOWS WOMAN WHOSE COW CATTLES YOU'VE STOLEN MIGHT GET IMPATIENT WITH THE SLOWNESS OF THE LAW, AND MAKE USE OF JUDGE COLE!

SHE MIGHT—BUT SHE WON'T GRABBY!

SHE WON'T—BECAUSE I HAPPEN TO KNOW
HOW TO RUN ONE OF THESE ROTATING
WINDMILLS. WE'LL HOP RIGHT UP
OUT OF DOBUN HILL IN MR.
COLBY KNIGHT'S HELICOPTER,
AND BE IN PRISONERHOOD
BEFORE YOU KNOW IT!

SHUCK'S! YOU
MEAN I CAN'T
GO ALONG?



THREE DAYS LATER, IN SHERIFF WALKER'S
PRISONERHOOD OFFICE—

MR. BRANT!
THE FBI SENT YOU
TO TAKE OUR
PRISONER OUT—?

THAT'S RIGHT, BOSS—
CASS LOWRY, ALIAS COLBY
KNIGHT, IS WANTED IN
CALIFORNIA FOR QUES-
TIONING ABOUT OTHER
CRIMES!



YOU TAKE CARE OF
TRIGGER, FOR ME,
GRANNY! SEE YOU
LATER!

BEFORE, AUNT!



SHERIFF WALKER, LET ME ACQUAINT YOU WITH
MR. KENNETH BRANT, OF THE FEDERAL BUREAU
OF INVESTIGATION! I WISED HIM ABOUT
KNIGHT—BECAUSE OF THE
INTER-STATE ANGLE OF
THIS GUNTING OUTFIT.

I'M PROUD TO
KNOW YOU, MR.
BRANT!



THERE'S A STORY I
WANT TO HEAR—
ABOUT MR. KNIGHT'S
CAPTURE! YOU CAN
TELL ME THE WHOLE
THING ON OUR WAY
BACK TO CALIFORNIA,
BOY, AT YOUR
LEISURE...

SORRY, MR. BRANT!
BUT I WON'T BE
GOING HOME FOR
A WHILE.



SHERIFF "BING" WALKER WAS
PENETRATED BULLET AND HE TO
WAND AROUND FOR A FEW WEEKS,
AND WELD STRAIGHTEN UP SOME
OTHER TROUBLES HERE IN THE
SADDLE COUNTRY! THINGS
ALMOST AS MYSTERIOUS
AS THE RUSTLES OF
DOBUN HILL!

AHH!



Roy Rogers

KING OF THE
COWBOYS
IN THE
CLUE OF THE SPUR

WELL, TRIGGER---I BROUGHT YOUR BOTTLE
OF POP---QUART SIZE!

WHY---HEH
HEH---HEH!



THERE! WET YOUR WHISTLE, BOY---AND DON'T GIVE ME
BACK ANY BUBBLES!



NOW, WHAT IN THE WORLD---



YOU
DROPPED THE
PACKAGE, MISS
VOORHEES---

OH---!

GET AWAY FROM HER,
YOU YOUNG TRAMP!



WITH A
WICKED
GAWL, THE
BLACK
STALLION
REARS AND
STRIKES
AS IF
TRAINED
TO ATTACK.

EE---AWWW!





THE GIRL'S WHITE FACE TURNS BRIEFLY TO GAZE BACK THROUGH THE DUST, AS HER HORSEL PLUNGES AFTER THE BLACK HORSE...



THAT'S MY... HORSE! REDMON I---CAN RIDE HOME---

NOT ALONE, CONBOY! I'M SIDING YOU! THE ORCAH! YOU GOT WILL KEEP YOU DIZZY FOR A WHILE



SURE WE'RE ON THE RIGHT ROAD, PARTNER--

OH-HUH! MY PLACE--- 'BOUT FIVE MILES FROM HERE. NAME'S CHARLEY WARD



THANKS--- ROY--- FOR COMING ALONG

I'M STAYING WITH YOU, CHARLEY! YOU'VE GOT A SLIGHT CONCUSSION--- GOT TO STAY IN BED FOR A WHILE



FOR TWO DAYS, ROY NURSES YOUR CHARLEY WARD, WHO SPENDS MOST OF THE TIME IN HEAVY SLEEP.





I reckon I'll have to be pulling my freight tonight, Charley! I've got an appointment tomorrow noon, sixty miles east of here.



SA-AY! I'm sure sorry about that, Roy! I haven't any way to thank you.

If you've got to go, Roy, head south to Dodge Voorhees' land, before you turn east! Old Rip hires night riders that are quick on the shoot.



I'll take my chances---if the range isn't fenced.

So long, Charley Ward! Take it easy for a while.



Be seeing you sometime, Roy! Thanks again!

Due east will take us across that creek, Trigger! Probably it's on Voorhees' range, but it doesn't matter.



You hear riders, Trigger? Or just loose horses?



Mum, mum, mum!

Quiet, Trigger! That's old Rip Voorhees himself---and four others!





BUT WE HAVEN'T GOT PROOF THAT CHARLEY WARD PENNED THESE COWS UP HERE, VOORHEES! SOMEONE ELSE COULD HAVE DONE IT

HUMPH! WHAT'S THIS...? LOOKS LIKE A SPUR!



YES, GENTLEMEN! SOMEONE ELSE COULD HAVE PENNED OUR CATTLE UP HERE... BUT ONLY ONE MAN COULD HAVE DROPPED THIS SPUR!

LET'S SEE!



"G.W." CHARLEY WARD'S INITIALS ON THE BROKEN STRAP! I RECKON THAT SETTLES IT, NEIGHBORS! NEXT QUESTION IS WHAT TO DO ABOUT HIM!



MARK HIM WITH OUR DAW STOCK TAGS AND LEAD HIM THROUGH TOWN AT THE END OF A ROPE!

WE'VE GOT TO TAKE HIM FIRST!

WE'LL DO THAT TONIGHT... AND SHOOT HIM IF HE SHOWS FIGHT!

COME, TRIGGER! WE'VE GOT TO WARN CHARLEY!



...WHY WHO'S THAT?

OHAM! DON'T SHOOT ME...!



NEETA VOYNICES!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING---

I FOLLOWED THEM! I WAS
AFRAID THEY WERE PLANN-
ING SOMETHING TO
HARM CHARLEY WARD!
I---YOU'RE THE COWBOY
WHO KEPT OTHERS FROM
KILLING HIM---



COME OFF THE TRAIL---BEFORE THEY CATCH
SIGHT OF US! AND TELL ME---WHAT MADE
YOU THINK YOUR FATHER WAS PLOTTING
AGAINST YOUNG WARD?



HE HATES HIM---
AND I SAW THE TWO
SPURS HE BROUGHT
HOME---WITH 'OK'
ON THE STRAPS.

YES! THEY PELL
OUT OF HIS
JACKET POCKET
LAST NIGHT,
WHEN I PICKED
UP HIS JACKET.



STAY HERE---UNTIL THE
OTHERS HAVE LEFT THE
GULCH, THEN RIDE STRAIGHT
HOME! I'LL WARN CHARLEY!



OH!
THANK
YOU!
THANK YOU!

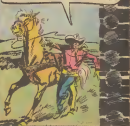
THEY'RE COMING, TRIGGER---
MOVING SLOWLY THROUGH THE
BRUSH! WE'LL GET A GOOD
LEAD, AND THEN BLAST THE
WIND FOR CHARLEY'S



ONCE OUT OF THE BRUSH,
AND HIDDEN BY A DIP IN THE
LAND, TRIGGER JUNGLE LIKE
A SCARED SHADOW



CHARLEY! CHARLEY WARD! WAKE UP!



BOY! WHAT'S
HAPPENED? DID
YOU TANGLE WITH
VOORHEES' RIDERS?

NOT YET! GET DRESSED,
GRAB YOUR GUN, AND
COME OUTSIDE, CHARLEY!

ARE WE
RIDING?

NO! WE'LL JUST GET OUR
SELVES AND TRIGGER OUT OF
SIGHT

THIS WASH WILL DO!
GET DOWN AMONG
THOSE BUSHES, CHARLEY!

I HEAR
RIDERS---!

THERE'RE FIVE
MEN HEADING
THIS WAY---!
WHO ARE
THEY, BOY?

VOORHEES AND
FOUR NEIGHBORS,
AIMING TO TAKE
YOU IN AS A
RUSTLER---OR
SHOOT YOU DOWN!

---TAKE
ME FOR A
RUSTLER?
NOW COME?

THEY FOUND THREE DOZEN HEAD
OF STOCK IN THAT HIDDEN GULCH
ON YOUR RANGE---ALL FIVE
OF THEIR BRANDS
REPRESENTED.

---AND VOORHEES PRETENDED TO
FIND THAT BROKEN SPUR YOU WERE
MISSING TODAY! MADE IT LOOK AS IF
YOU WERE THE THIEF! I'D FOLLOWED
THEM, OUT OF CURIOSITY---AND
HEARD ALL THEY
SAID. AND SO DID
NETTA VOORHEES!



HE'S SKIPPED
OUT! VERY
WELL...WE'LL
MAKE SURE
THAT HE
DOESN'T COME
BACK!



FEARSALL! BRING HAY FROM THE STACK
AND PILE IT ON THE WINDY SIDE OF
THIS SHACK! WARD HAS CLEARED
OUT!



I NEVER BURNED
A MAN'S HOUSE
BEFORE...AND I
HOPE I NEVER
HAVE TO DO IT,
AGAIN!

SOME HELP,
FEARSALL! BUT
WE CAN'T POOL
AROUND WITH A
RUSTLER!



I'LL POUR THE OIL FROM THIS LAMP ON THE HAY, TO GIVE
IT A GOOD START. HAVE A MATCH READY, KILMER!

ALL RIGHT...BUT I STILL
HATE TO DO IT, WOODHES!



HOLD IT,
WOODHES!

KEEP YOUR HANDS
IN SIGHT, GENTLEMEN...

WARD!
AND...



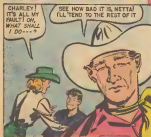
CURSED COMARDS...
ALL OF YOU!

WOODHES, YOU
FOOL! DON'T...





WITH A FURIOUS BAWL, THE
WICKED STALLION KICKS OUT









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Andy Olson hummed a cheerful little tune to himself, as he strode along the narrow bush trail. Strapped to his wide shoulders was a bulky pack—a part of his winter's supplies—and strapped to the pack was his rifle. Three more trips would see his snug trapper's cabin, at the headwaters of Whitefish Creek, well-stocked for the long, cold months ahead. Andy, with the boundless confidence of youth, welcomed the challenge of the Great Northwest!

At a turn of the trail he halted, listening. A light breeze brought him the hoarse laughter of a man, and the angry screech of a bird. Andy frowned, and hurried on.

Another bend showed him the nose makers. A hulking half-breed, by the name of Joe Pelouse, was jabbing with a stick at a robin-sized bird who was tied by the leg to a bush. The bird—a young pigeon hawk—was full of fight, but the string caused it to “nose-dive” every time the little creature tried to fly at its tormenter.

The sight put Andy into a cold rage.

“Get that!” he roared, grasping Joe’s shoulder, and spinning him around. “Turn that poor mite of a bird loose—now!”

Pelouse gaped in astonishment. Then his black brows drew together in a scowl.

“TONNÉREI!” he shouted, raising the stick. “I fear you! No man talk to Joe Pelouse like that—I!”

He lunged, striking. The stick broke on Andy’s shoulder with a loud crack. There was

a duller, heavier crack, as Andy’s fist landed on Joe’s jaw—like the kick of a mule.

No second blow was needed. Pelouse dropped, in a slow spin, to lie on his face, knocked out. Andy strode past him to the bush, where the tiny hawk crouched, shrilling defiance at him. One of the small wings drooped helplessly; the other was raised ready for battle.

“I can’t turn you loose with that broken wing,” Andy growled. “Which means that I’ll have to take you along with me—whether you like it or not, little fellow!”

Andy had a way with animals. Though he trapped them for a living, he avoided the use of traps in which one might linger for hours or days in agony. He set deadfalls, which killed instantly, without pain. He had mourned over the death of his old dog, and had not bought another.

Little Eric, as he named the hawk, soon became Andy’s inseparable friend. Wherever Andy went, he rode on the big trapper’s shoulder. He learned that the startling report of Andy’s rifle meant fresh deer meat for both of them—and as a born hunter, Little Eric learned to spot game, even before Andy could see it.

Little Eric then announced his discovery with a tiny screech, and a tug at Andy’s ear with his sharp little beak. Andy’s shout was the signal that sent him flapping and hopping to reach the game first. Later, when his wing healed, he flew like a feathered bullet.

Like all hawks, Little Eric was always hungry. He fed on the meat of trapped animals, too—and his disappointment was even keener than Andy's when they found a trap empty. This was not often—until one day, when they found three deadfalls destroyed—with an axe! Little Eric screamed with rage over each one. Andy's anger was silent—but he found the snowshoe track of Joe Pelouse, where the snow had not drifted over it. The track was fresh—perhaps an hour old—for the wind was blowing hard. Andy followed, running now!

It was Eric who spotted their quarry, and flew to the attack! His needle-sharp talons sliced into Joe Pelouse's ear. With a howl the big half-breed whirled—but Eric was in the air! Joe's rifle whammed—and missed . . . and missed again!

Then Andy Olan's bellow rang through the bush.

"Drop your gun, you trap-robber! And put up your hands! I'm licking the tar out of you, right now!"

Joe swung about—but his rifle did not fall. Instead, it whipped up to aim!

BLANG!

The bullet's shock against Andy's ribs whirled him around. He hit the snow, with his right arm under him, his hand close to the .22 pistol in his pocket. Andy knew in



that instant that he had one chance only—if he played dead. He shut his eyes and lay unsterling!

It fabled Little Eric. With a scream of dismay the tiny hawk flew to his big partner. Desperately, with voice and beck, he tried to rouse him. And just as desperately Andy tried to give no sign of life.

"Ho, ho!" roared Pelouse. "De beeg butter-is dead as one nutton dat hang in de market! Now Joe Pelouse fees de laetle one!"

He whipped up his rifle—but the movement was now familiar to Eric. Shrilling his anger, he flew straight at Joe's face. The gun went off, harmlessly. . . . Then Andy's pistol spoke from the ground. Joe dropped his weapon, yelling. He yelled again, as Eric's talons sliced his nose.

Andy got to his feet. Keeping Pelouse covered, he took off coat and shirt and bandaged his own flesh wound as well as he could. Then he bandaged and splinted Joe's broken arm.

"You'll need a doctor to dig that .22 bullet out, Pelouse," he stated. "You can make it to the settlement alone. But when your arm heals, remember—DON'T COME BACK! Between Little Eric and me, you won't last as long 'as a snowball in August!"



CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY'S TALES



CHARLEY!
THAT INDIAN IS
PACKING A MULE
DEER CARCASS---
AND HE
SEEMS TO
KNOW
YOU!

YES! HE DOES!
HIS NAVAJO NAME
MEANS "TALL SILVER"
SMITH--- *PAW, THERE, HUSSES!*

HOLD THE TEAM, PETE!---WHILE I TALK TO
HIM! I RECKON HE WANTS TO SELL US
SOME MEAT---IN HIS OWN
LANGUAGE

MAN!
I WISH I
COULD TALK
NAVAJO THE
WAY YOU DO,
CHARLEY!

YAW-TAY! IT IS GOOD
TO SEE YOU, GRAND-
FATHER! I HAVE HEARD
THAT HUNTING IS GOOD
IN THE HILLS!

OH--OOO! IT IS
PRETTY GOOD!
HOW MUCH DEER
MEAT WILL YOUR
COWBOYS EAT,
HOSSTEEN CHARLEY?

THE MEAT IS FAT,
PERHAPS WE WILL
EAT FIVE DOLLARS
WORTH!

THE TRADER ASKS
TEN DOLLARS TO
RELEASE MY TUR-
QUOISE BEADS FROM
PAIN!

IN THAT CASE, GRANDFATHER,
MY BOYS WILL EAT TEN
DOLLARS WORTH OF
YOUR DEER MEAT!

YAW-TAY!
IT IS GOOD!
I WILL HELP
YOU LOAD THE
CARCASS, HOSSTEEN
CHARLEY!

HARAGGS ARE ALWAYS NEEDING MONEY TO GET THEIR JEWELRY OUT OF HOCK! LIKE THE TIME BOY RUNNING-AFTER-HIS-HORSE FOUND TRADER LOU COLLINS MURDERED

OH, CHARLEY! TELL US ABOUT THAT, PLEASE!



"WELL, IT WAS THIS WAY... BOY WAS RUNNING FOR LOU'S TRADING POST, HOPING TO BORROW ANOTHER FIVE DOLLARS ON HIS TURBOISE-AND-SILVER BELT THAT WAS ALREADY IN HOCK THERE



"BOY COULDN'T SEE THE FRONT OF THE BUILDING, SO THE SOUND OF A PISTOL SHOT DIDN'T EXCITE HIM TOO MUCH--"

"-- UNTIL HE SAW A RIDER MOUNTAINING AWAY FROM THE PLACE, WITH A BULGING FLOUR SACK IN HIS HAND

UGH! SHOT SOUND INSIDE POST! MAYBE HOSTEEN LOU SHOTS AT COYOTE THROUGH WINDOW



WHITE MAN--- RIDES LIKE ROBERT! BAD TROUBLE FOR HOSTEEN LOU!



"BOY DUG HIS HEELS INTO HIS PONY'S RIBS, FEARING THE WORST, AND HOPING FOR THE BEST, YOU MIGHT SAY!"



THE MOANS HE HEARD FROM THE OPEN DOORWAY BROUGHT HIM OFF HIS PONY IN A HURRY "



"BOY'S SHARP
EYES TOOK IN
THE ROOM AT
A GLANCE! THE
CASH DRAWER
WAS PULLED
OUT AND EMPTY!
THE PEGS IN
THE WALL
WHERE MANY
HUNDREDS OF
DOLLARS
WORTH OF
PAWNEED
JEWELRY
ALWAYS HUNG
WERE EMPTY!
MURDER AND
ROBBERY AT
ONE STROKE!"



"BOY CARRIED LOU COLLINS OUTSIDE--TO A
PLACE WHERE LATER A GRAVE COULD BE
MADE WITHOUT TOUCHING THE BODY----
FOR NAVAJO ARE SUPERSTITIOUS
ABOUT THAT "



"IT TOOK BOY'S WIRY NAVAJO PONY ABOUT TEN
MINUTES TO COVER THE THREE MILES TO OLD
TWO SALT'S PLACE "



I SAW THE MURDERER LEAVE! HE TOOK HORSEMAN LOU'S MONEY AND ALL THE TURQUOISE AND SILVER IN PAWN! I PROMISED CLOUD WOMAN THE MAN WOULD NOT ESCAPE!

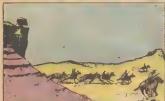
YOU DID RIGHT, MY SON, I WILL GATHER MY YOUNG MEN TO PURSUE---



"STILL TWO SALT'S COMMANDS, THE YOUTHS WITHIN HEARINGS JUMPED"

QUICKLY--- TELL THE OTHERS! TWO HORSES FOR EACH RIDER! AND BIG WATER BAGS--- CORN---RIFLES!

OH- ODD, GRAND-FATHER!



"THERE WERE TEN YOUNG NAVAJOS WHO RODE AFTER THE KILLER--- TWO OF THEM ON THEIR FASTEST PONIES FANNING OUT TO PICK UP THE MAN'S TRAIL! THEY WERE ARMED TO THE TEETH BUT UNDER STRICT ORDERS



"RIDERS ON MY TRAIL! HERE! BY ACCIDENT! THEY DON'T LOOK LIKE A POSSE!"

"LATE THAT AFTERNOON, HANK NABAL, THE MURDERER OF LOU COLLINS, NOTICED DUST PUFFS BEHIND HIM! HE DIDN'T HURRY---

"---CONFIDENT OF HIS OWN MARKSMANSHIP."

INJUNE! I DIDN'T THINK THEY'D HAVE THE NERVE TO FOLLOW ME! I LI-- GIVE THEM SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT! JUST LET 'EM GET CLOSE ENOUGH--



"BUT THE FIRST FEW SHOTS PROVED NABAL'S 30-30 TO BE HOPELESSLY OUTRANGED!"



HIGH-POWERED RIFLES! AND SHOOTING CLOSE!

"WE
GOTT
SHOOTING
AND HEADED
FOR A HIGH
OUTCROP
OF ROCK."



"GOT TO
FIND A PLACE
TO HIDE
UP!"

"IT'S GETTING DARK—
AND MY RIFLE'S
AS GOOD AS
THEIRS IF
THEY TRY
TO SNEAK
UP ON ME!"



"NARAL PICKED
OUT A NICE SPOT TO
DEFEND HIMSELF—
BUT HE MADE ONE
MISTAKE IN HIS
FIGURING: THE
NAVAJOS DIDN'T
AIM TO KILL HIM!
THEY WOULD LET
THE DESERT DO
THAT!"

"GLOO... GLOO... GLOO
... ANNNNN!"



"THAT NIGHT HE FINISHED THE WATER IN
ONE OF HIS TWO CANTEENS."



"AT DAWN HE WAS RIDING AGAIN— BUT HE
COULDN'T GET HIS HORSE TO MOVE ANY
FASTER THAN A WALK! THE POOR
CRITTER WAS STARVING FOR WATER—
DYING ON ITS FEET."

"THE NAVAJOS' HORSES MOVED NO
NEARER— BUT THEY HAD BEEN
GIVEN WATER FROM THE BASS THEY
CARRIED, AND SEEMED FRESH."

"NARAL HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO RIDE FOR THE
LITTLE COLORADO— SINCE HE DIDN'T
KNOW THE COUNTRY OR WHERE ELSE
TO FIND WATER."

"SHALL WE SHOOT
AGAIN— MAKE THE
WHITE MAN GO
FASTER?"

"WHY WASTE BULLETS?
HIS HORSE CANNOT
GO FASTER NOW!"



"GLOO... GLOO... ANNNNN!"
"WATER 'MOST GONE!
GOT TO HEAD
FOR THE
RIVER
GLOO...
GLOO..."





"BUT HIS HORSE WAS STAGGERING--- PLUMG PLAYED OUT!"



"BEFORE NOON IT WENT DOWN---NEVER TO GET UP AGAIN" HANK NABAL CURSED IT."

"APOOT UNDER THE BROILING SUN, HE FOUND THE 30-30'S WEIGHT TOO MUCH BUT HE HUNG ON TO HIS LOOT FROM THE TRADING POST -

"NOW THE NAVAJOS STARTED SHOOTING AGAIN---TO HERD NABAL IN THE DIRECTION THEY WANTED HIM TO GO!"

"BLASTED GUN'S TOO HEAVY! INJUNS HAVE GOT THE RANGE ON ME ANYHOW!"



"LITTLE BY LITTLE FEAR CLOSED IN ON NABAL THE MURDERER! FEAR OF THIRST--- FEAR OF THE SILENT, GRIM PURSUIT THAT CAME NO NEARER--- FEAR OF LOSING THE LOOT HE HAD KILLED TO GET!"

"AS THE SUN DRAINED THE MOISTURE FROM HIS FLESH, THE SACK ON HIS SHOULDER GOT HEAVIER--- TILL IT BROUGHT HIM TO HIS KNEES -

"WATER'S DONE! BLASTED INJUNS! WHY DON'T THEY SHOOT ME AND BE DONE WITH IT? SCARED OF THE LAW, PROBLY! BUT THEY'RE LIABLE TO NICK ME ANYHOW





"HE EMPTIED HIS BELT GUN AT HIS ENEMIES---THAT SEEMED TO BOB AND DANCE LIKE GRAY GHOSTS IN THE HEAT WAVES."



"HE STAGGERED ON--- AND THE GHOSTS FOLLOWED HIM, MUCH CLOSER NOW! BUT SUDDENLY, WITHIN A STONE'S THROW, HE SAW THE RIM OF THE CANYON."



"---AND STARTED RUNNING THE OTHER WAY, BLIND WITH THIRST AND FEAR!"



"ALL OF A SUDDEN THE ROCK CRUMBLER UNDER HIS FOOT, AND HE STEPPED OUT INTO SPACE---HEADED FOR THE RIVER, 'WAY DOWN BELOW!'"



"TWO DAYS LATER, BOY-RUNNER-AFTER-HIS-HORSE ROSE BACK TO HOSTESS LOU'S TRADING POST. LOU'S INDIAN WIDOW WAS SITTING OUTSIDE WITH HER BLANKET OVER HER HEAD."

"YAW-TAY, CLOUD WOMAN! WHAT HAVE YOU TO TRADE TODAY?"

"I HAVE NOTHING! NOTHING BUT MY GRIEF! GO AWAY!"



"YOU HAVE MUCH TURQUOISE AND SILVER, CLOUD WOMAN! — INCLUDING MY BELT ON WHICH I OWE YOU TEN DOLLARS! YOU ALSO HAVE ALL THE MONEY THAT THE WHITE ROBBER TOOK! WILL YOU LOAN ME FIVE DOLLARS WORTH OF FLOUR ON MY BELT?"

"OH! OH!"



"CLOUD WOMAN COULD HARDLY BELIEVE HER EYES, WHEN BOY POURED OUT IN FRONT OF HER ALL THE THINGS THAT NABAL HAD STOLEN."

"CLOUD WOMAN STOOD UP---AND WHAT SHE SAID MADE BOY SMILE, FROM EAR TO EAR!"

"YOU DO NOT OWE ME ANYTHING NOW, MY SON! IT IS I WHO OWE YOU! TAKE YOUR BEAUTIFUL BELT---AND WHATEVER ELSE FROM MY STOCK THAT YOU DESIRE! MY HEART WAS DEAD---AND YOU HAVE MADE IT LIVE AGAIN!"

"YAW-TAY, CLOUD WOMAN! IT IS WELL!"



"WHA, YOU, HOSTESS! HERE'S THE PLACE WHERE WE CAMP AND WAIT FOR THE BOYS TO COME IN."

"BUT---BUT, CHARLEY! YOU DIDN'T FINISH! WHAT DID BOY TAKE FOR HIS REWARD?"



"BOY NEVER DID TELL ME WHAT HE TOOK--- BUT I RECKON IT WAS SIX YARDS OF CALICO--- YOU SEE, BOY GOT MARRIED RIGHT AFTER THAT--- AND I SAW HIS BRIDE! SHE WAS MIGHTY HAPPY IN THAT BRIGHT, NEW SKIRT OF HERS!"


"CHARLEY! I NEVER KNEW IT BEFORE, BUT--- INDIANS ARE REAL PEOPLE---AS REAL AS YOU AND I AND PETE!"



"REAL PEOPLE? YOU JUST GET YOUR BOOTS THEY ARE! AND WE WHITES CAN LEARN SOME FINE THINGS FROM 'EM IF WE LL ONLY TAKE THE TROUBLE!"



BUFFALO SKINNERS

An illustration showing a large, brown buffalo standing in a field. A man in a blue shirt and red pants is standing next to it, holding a long pole. In the background, there is a covered wagon and another person. The scene is set in a grassy field with some trees in the distance.

BEFORE CATTLE RANCHING BECAME A MAJOR INDUSTRY IN SOME AREAS, EARLY WESTERNERS MADE THEIR LIVING BY KILLING BUFFALO FOR THEIR SKINS. MOST HUNTERS USED THE "BIG .50" SHARPS RIFLE WHICH THREW A SLUG HALF AN INCH IN DIAMETER AND HEAVY ENOUGH TO DOWN THE TOUGHEST BULL. THE CREW USUALLY CONSISTED OF A HUNTER AND TWO "SKINNERS" WITH A MAN TO CARE FOR THE HORSE AND WAGON AND HELP OUT WHERE NEEDED.

EVEN AFTER MOST OF THE BUFFALO WERE GONE, THEY PROVIDED A LIVING FOR MANY MEN. THEIR BONES WERE DISCOVERED TO BE ONE OF THE BEST FERTILIZERS AVAILABLE WHEN BROUGHT UP AND FLOWED INTO THE SOIL. OFTEN, WHEN BEEF PRICES DROPPED SUDDENLY OR TRANSPORTATION TO MARKET WAS LACKING, COWBOYS AND RANCH OWNERS TIGED OVER THE SLACK SEASON BY GATHERING A LOAD OF BONES AND SELLING THEM.



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